exquisite, ever-changing design of trees, fences, and toylike log houses scattered over the silver expanses.

At the outskirts of Borovenka some fifty men were assembled in front of the blacksmith's shop. They let us pass and followed our sleigh silently. Another crowd, mainly women and children, milled in front of the station. They seemed to be waiting for us.

Pretending not to notice the hostile crowd, we went into the station, bought tickets to Novgorod, and went to the large shabby waiting room. I have reason to remember this room well. The wall left of the entrance had two glass doors and two windows overlooking the platform. Under the windows stood a long bench. The wall to the right had four windows, opening on the road leading to the station. The wall facing the entrance had one small door with a sign: "For first-class passengers." Next to this door was a big stove with a clock above it. Left of the entrance, the fourth wall had a low, narrow door with the sign: "Keep out." It was half-open and one could see the telegraph room, narrow as a corridor but as long as the main waiting room, with a glass door leading to the platform.

When we entered the waiting room it was empty. Only a watchman in a shabby railroad uniform sat on a stool near the stove. But a crowd began to pour into the room, forming a wide half-circle around us. We were trapped. The clock showed 2:20, half an hour before our train was due. I told my comrades, "If we are attacked, we will retire into the telegraph office and hold out there until the train comes."

Suddenly the crowd made way, and three men in city fur coats and lambskin hats stepped forward, followed by the station gendarme. They came close to us and one of them, a large man with a trimmed grayish beard, asked us sternly, "What kind of people are you? What is your business? Where do you think you are going now?"

Playing for time, I replied casually, "We will answer your questions. But first tell us who you are to question us."

"We have your number," the man shouted. "You came here to teach people that there is no God in heaven and should be no Tsar on earth. That's your business! Now answer: Who sent you here?"

I turned to the gendarme. "This man is accusing us. Would you take over the interrogation?"

The gendarme replied, "These people are well known here. You are not. Why should I interfere?"

The muttering crowd moved forward and we stepped back toward the telegraph room. The clock showed 2:40 P.M. Still ten minutes,